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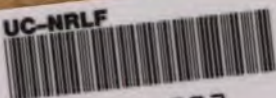
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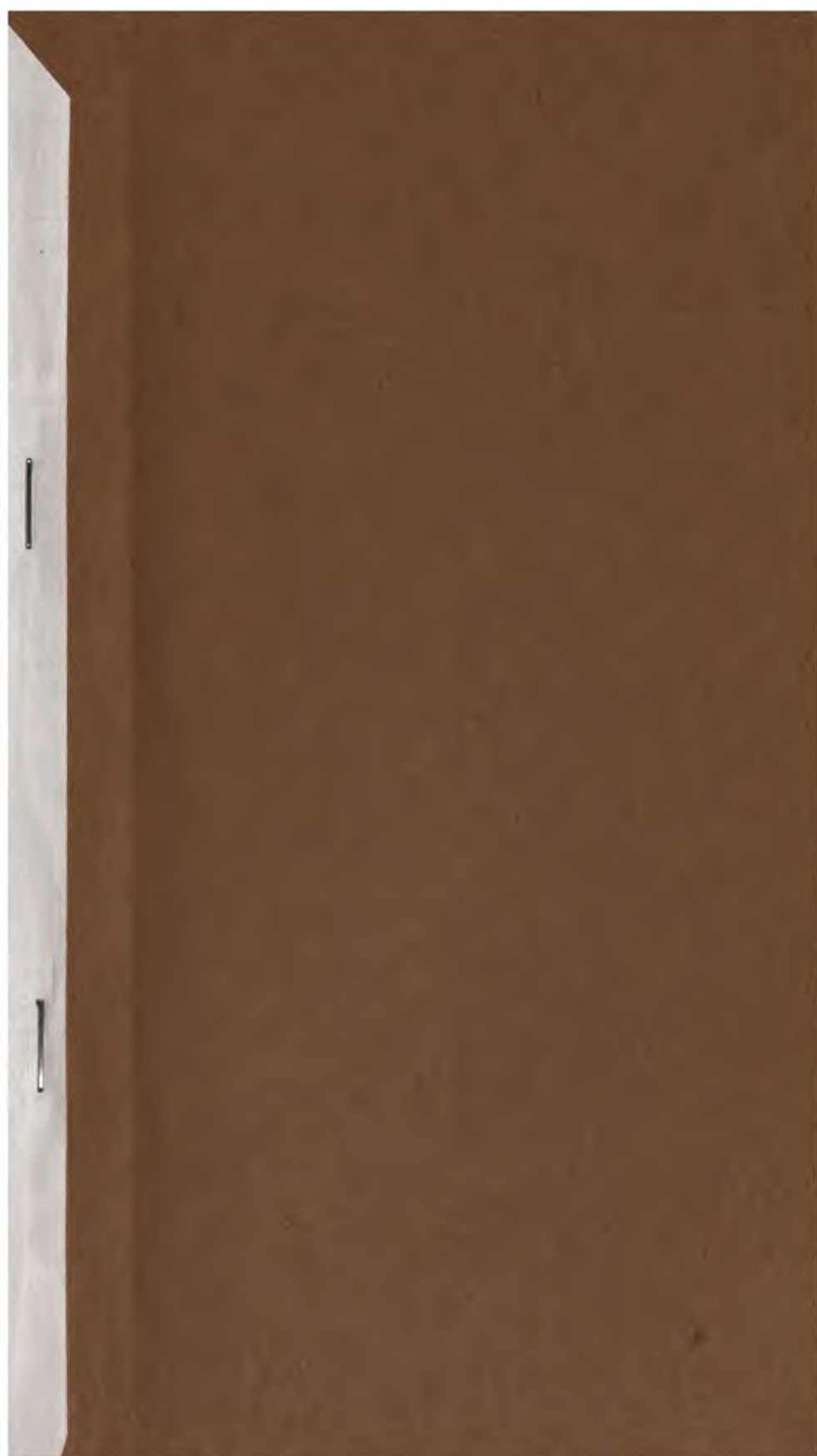
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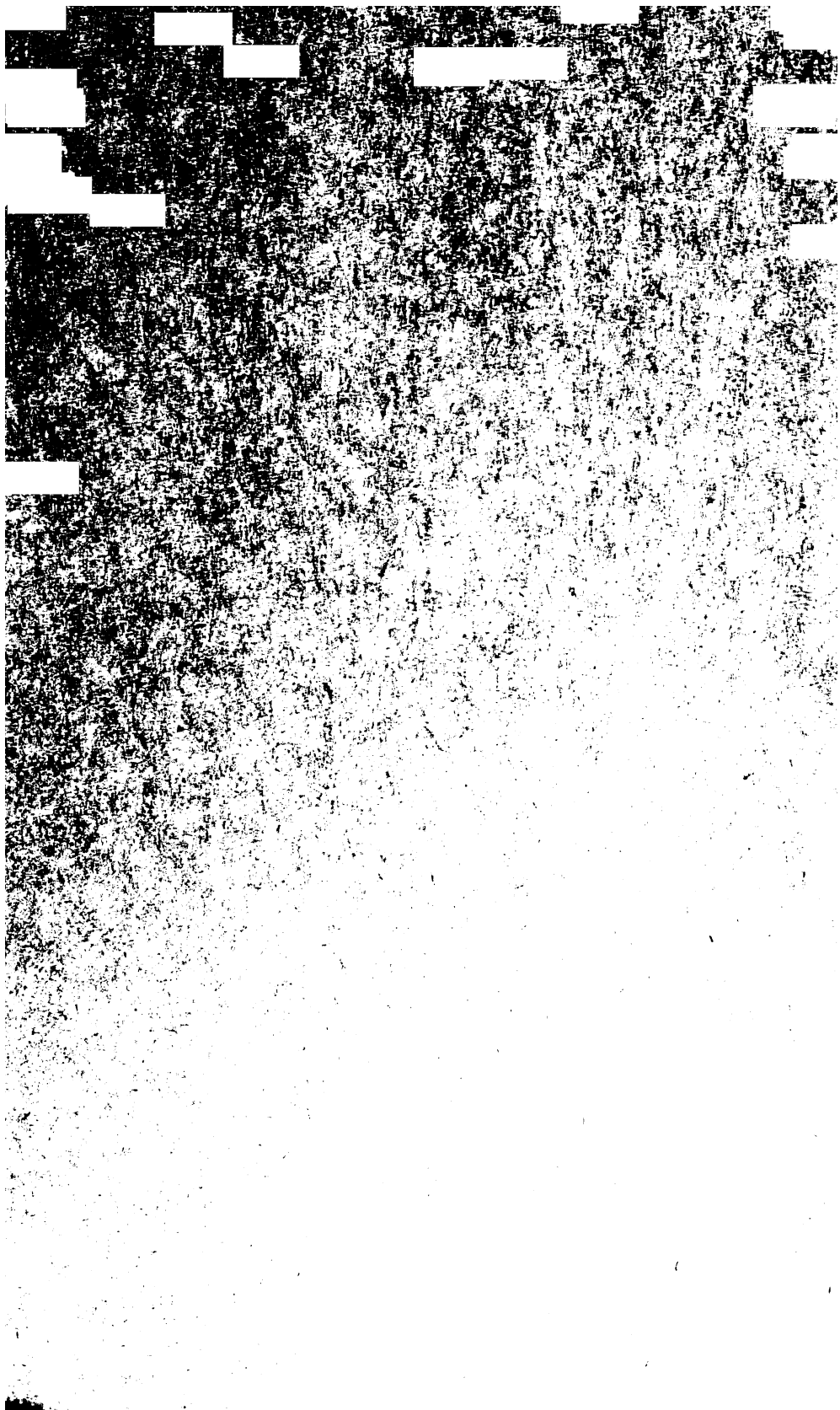
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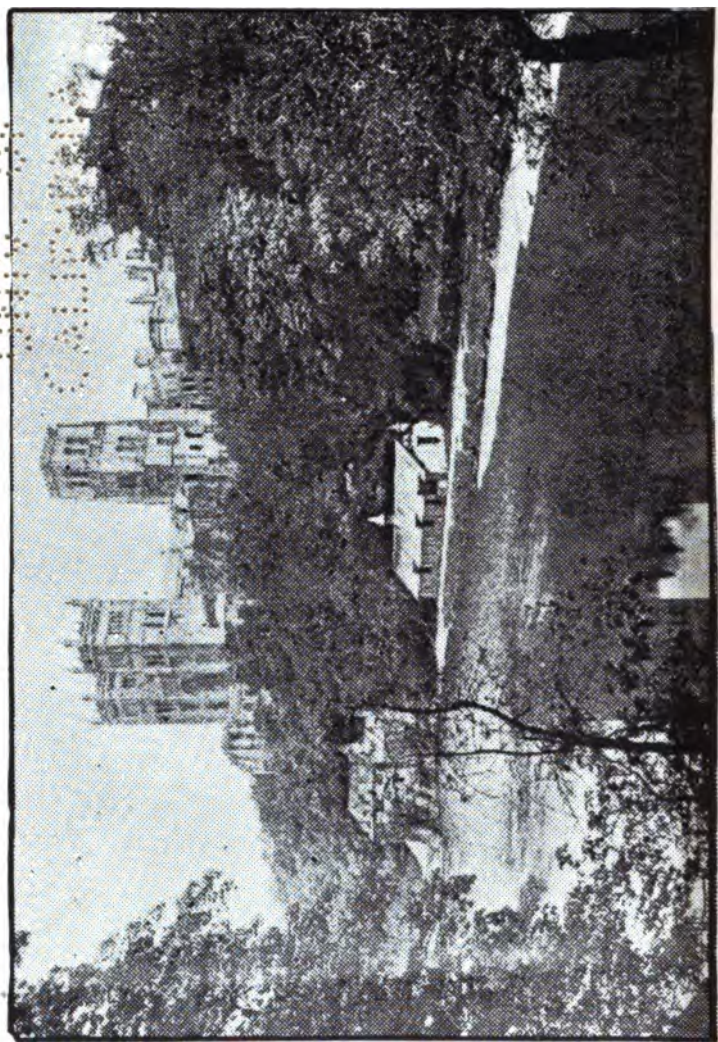






**RICHARD DE BURY, BISHOP
OF DURHAM**

[illegible]



DURHAM CATHEDRAL ON THE WEAR. BURIAL PLACE OF RICHARD DE BURY

**RICHARD DE BURY
BISHOP OF DURHAM**

**FIRST YEAR-BOOK OF
THE DE BURIANS OF BANGOR, MAINE**

**BY
SAMUEL LANE BOARDMAN**



UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

**BANGOR
PRINTED FOR PRIVATE DISTRIBUTION
1902**

LIBRARY
SCHOOL

**Edition of One Hundred and Twenty-
five Copies.**

TO THE
LIBRARY

SO far as the present brochure may be regarded a history of the inception, organization and work of the De Burians, it may be said that such a record was authorized by the committee of publication for the purpose of showing what the club had done during the two years of its existence. So far as the biographical sketch of De Bury is concerned, the author wishes it to be dedicated to the individual members of the only book club in the world named in honor of Richard De Bury, Bishop of Durham, who gathered the first private library in England and wrote the first treatise on the love of books of which the literature of the centuries has given us any record.

It will be unnecessary to apologise for the personal references in this memoir, to those who may see it who are not members of the De Burians, when it is stated that it was read as a concluding paper of the club's season of 1901-'02. As here printed some new matter has been added to make it more completely a year-book of the De Burians.

No tinker's hand shall dare a book to stain;
No miser's heart can wish a book to gain;
The gold assayer cannot value books;
On them the epicure disdainful looks.
One house at once, believe me, cannot hold
Lovers of books and hoarders up of gold.
—The Philobiblon.

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IT was in the city of Albany, N. Y., in the summer of 1859 that I discovered Richard De Bury and his Philobiblon. I had gone there from my little farm home in Norridgewock to begin the work which has since proved to be my life-work, that of journalism—for I had been selected from among all their correspondents by the publisher the even then venerable Luther Tucker—as assistant editor of *The Country Gentleman*, to whom I had the pleasure of dedicating my first book. It chanced that my boarding place was within two doors of the state library and I lost little time in exploring the rich treasures which it contained. The building was one of the typical old style library buildings. Upon the first floor was the law library, and at the opposite end from the entrance the librarian, the late Alfred B. Street,

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the poet, had a small desk. The second and third floors were in one large hall with alcoves on each side and galleries with corresponding alcoves above. The keeper of this part of the library was John H. Holmes who allowed me considerable liberty in the use of the books, although no volumes could be taken from the room. I was at that time about the age of the youngest member of the De Burians, and even then knew considerable about books. I had not been long in Albany before I knew almost every book in the state library outside of those in the law collection. I not only knew where the books were in their alcoves and shelves, but I read many of them.

It was a happy moment when, one afternoon in late summer, which I remember very well, I came upon a little brown volume labeled Philobiblon. Opening it I found to my great joy that it was a book about the love of books. I had never seen or heard of such a book. Book-lover that I had always been, the little volume made a most enticing plea to my heart. I found on closer examination that this little book

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in boards, about as thick as one's finger, was the first English edition of Richard De Bury's immortal treatise, the translation of John Bellingham Inglis, printed in 1832. The volume could not be taken from the room and I read it and re-read it. Indeed I was so afraid I should never see another copy of the book that I transcribed entire chapters and read them again and again in my own room.

And here I wish to relate an incident of my summer in Albany which I have never before given even to the De Burians. While there I became acquainted with that famous printer-publisher, the late Joel Munsell, and was often in his office and his printing rooms. He printed some very beautiful books and was one of the first printers in America to issue reprints of rare things in limited editions. I cannot say that I gave the suggestion which resulted in having De Bury's Philobiblon reprinted in this country, but have always more than half believed that I was instrumental in bringing that event to pass.

Mr. Munsell and myself had many talks on books and printing and libra-

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ries. One day I asked him if he knew about a book on the love of books that was up in the state library in such an alcove. I have forgotten his reply, but two years later, in 1861, received a copy of his edition of De Bury—the first American edition—edited by Samuel Hand, and that book has been one of my favorites and dear friends from that day to this, a period of 40 years. While I have parted with many books, I rejoice in the Providence which has allowed me to retain that volume. I show you in an old autograph album the autographs of both Mr. Street, the state librarian and of Mr. Munsell.

I am quite sure Mr. Munsell did not know of this work of De Bury in the state library until I called his attention to it, and am certain that after that he went and examined the book and printed it two years later. He was like all business publishers, always seeking to bring out books, and when he had decided to reprint De Bury he placed it under the care of Samuel Hand for editorial revision. Of Mr. Hand I shall speak later.

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Alfred B. Jones
State Librarian
Bangor August 30
1859.

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Ever since I read the *Philobiblon* in the dimly-lighted and very silent alcove of the New York state library in 1859 it has been a book that I have loved and I have collected much relating to its author. I do not intend to take up the time this evening with any extended account of De Bury's life, as the sketch by Charles Orr in his edition of the *Philobiblon* of 1890—which several members of the club already possess—is most satisfactory. Still, an outline, at least, is necessary to the purpose of the present paper.

Richard Aungervyle, the son of Sir Richard d'Aungervyle, a knight of Norman descent, was born at Bury St. Edmonds, or Edmunds, Suffolk, Eng., and as was the custom at that day, took the name of the town in which he was born. The year of his birth was 1287—not 1281, as given in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and other works; while the exact date is generally given as Jan. 21 of that year. He finished his studies at Oxford. It is presumed that he entered the order of the Benedictine monks but

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Dr. Samuel
Abbey, Aug. 31, 1857

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was soon afterward appointed tutor to the Prince of Wales, afterward Edward III. Mr. Orr is in error in saying he was "tutor to the Prince of Windsor, the future Edward III.," as all authorities agree that it is the Prince of Wales who succeeds to the British crown. It was 1327 when Edward III. ascended the throne; he lost little time in appointing his former tutor successively cofferer to the king, treasurer of the wardrobe and keeper of the great seal.

In 1330 he was appointed ambassador to the Holy See, the autograph letter of the king to Pope John 22d containing this testimonial to De Bury's character: "We recommend to your Holiness this clerk, the more particularly because we know him to be a man wise in counsel, remarkable for the purity of his life and conversation, endowed with a knowledge of letters and prudent in action." On this embassy De Bury traveled in great splendor, accompanied by 20 clerks and 36 esquires all wearing his livery. The Pope received him with great honor and distinction. It was on this visit that he first met the great Italian poet Petrarch,

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forming an acquaintance which was kept up through life. Writing of him Petrarch says he was "a man of ardent character, not ignorant of literature;" and during their discourse he asked him for information of the Thule of the ancients about which Petrarch wished information, but De Bury answered that he could not tell him "until he had returned home to his books of which nobody had a greater plenty."

On Dec 19, 1333, De Bury was consecrated in the abbey of the Black Monks of Chertsey, by John Stratford, archbishop of Canterbury; in February, 1334, he was made Lord Treasurer, and on June 5, 1334, he was enthroned Bishop of Durham, the ceremony having been conducted with great pomp in the presence of the king and queen and nearly all the high officials of church and state. De Bury surrendered the care of the great seal June 8, 1335. In 1336, 1337 and 1338 he was sent on embassies to France in behalf of the king, and while on the continent traveled in Flanders and Germany where he obtained many books. With

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what raptures De Bury tells of his visits to Paris: "Oh blessed God of Gods in Sion! what a rush of the flood of pleasure rejoiced our heart as often as we visited Paris, the paradise of the world! There we longed to remain, where, on account of the greatness of our love, the days ever appeared to us to be few. There are delightful libraries in cells redolent of aromatics, there are flourishing greenhouses of all sorts of volumes." I imagine De Bury had something of the same feeling of joy and rapture at visiting the libraries and book shops of Paris, that we, his modest disciples and followers have, on taking whiffs of bookish air in the underground cells of the Old South, Boston, where another Richard presides, or in wandering amid the glories of first editions and tall copies and sumptuous bindings in Scribner's book palace on Fifth avenue, where the hours we spend ever seem few and short.

After De Bury's mission to France by order of the king in the early part of 1341, his abhorrence of war led him to a greater seclusion of the companionship

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of his books and the care of his diocese. and after the fruitless attempt to arrange peace with France in 1842 he withdrew altogether from the distraction and strife of official life and retired to the blessed seclusion of his home and his library at Bishops Auckland, or Auckland Palace. In the quiet of his surroundings he there passed his happiest years, but they were few. Out of the fullness of his experience as a trusted agent of the king, a great traveler, a devoted scholar and a magnificent collector of books, he gave much of his time to the writing of his *Philobiblon*, which was completed on the 58th anniversary of his birthday, Jan. 24, 1845. This magnificent treatise may be regarded as his last will and testament to the book lovers of the world, for in less than three months after its completion, on April 14, 1845, while engaged in the duties of loving, reading and caring for the great collection of books and manuscripts he had formed, and in the performance of the good works for which he had been noted, he breathed his last at Auckland Palace.

Fourteen days after his death the body

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of De Bury was borne from Auckland, the episcopal residence, and buried with great pomp before the altar in the chapel of St. Mary Magdalen in the northeast corner of his own Durham cathedral. Our associate, Mr. Sawtelle, visited this cathedral in the summer of 1901, and our members possess as a souvenir of that visit copies of a photograph of the cathedral which are lovingly treasured. A magnificent marble tomb marked De Bury's last resting place, and upon it was a tablet in brass upon which an image of De Bury was sculptured. He was represented as clothed in pontifical robes and surrounded by the 12 apostles. The cathedral of Durham, as was then the custom, inherited the two horses which transported his body to the burial, his mule, his sacred ornaments and his seals. And it is a matter for gratitude, that while his tomb and graven image were destroyed during the civil wars, impressions of his seals are in existence to our own day. Mr. Hand in the notes to his memoir of De Bury says that he used two seals. The first was of ordi-



SEAL OF RICHARD DE BURY
FRONTISPIECE TO THOMAS' TRANSLATION
OF THE PHILOBIBLON, LONDON, 1889

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uary form, but the other was regarded as a master work of engraving, and in examining it one cannot fail to admire the exquisite taste which governed the design. The custom at the time of De Bury's death was that the bishops, at their deaths, offered their seals of silver with which they sealed their acts. This offering of seals was made at the offertory where prayers were offered. After the offertory the priest who held the seals handed them to the artificer to be broken up. One of De Bury's seals was broken and converted into a cup, the other was preserved. A copy of this seal forms the frontispiece to Thomas' edition of the *Philobiblon* (London, 1888) and I take pleasure in presenting an exact impression of the same to each member of the club. The legend of the seal is: S [igillum] Ricardi del. gra. dvnelmensis. epi: a literal English translation of which is:—Seal of Richard, by the Grace of God, Bishop of the See of Durham. Of the seal as a piece of artistic work the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* says: "The seal of Richard De Bury, Bishop of Durham, shows a very beauti-

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ful example of the late fourteenth century. The standing figure of the Bishop in Mass Vestments is modelled with wonderful skill and shows extreme taste in the treatment of the drapery."

I have not time to give you, as I would like, a full account of De Bury as a book-lover, collector and author on the choice, the love and the care of books. The sources of this study are already familiar to several members of the club in the edition of the *Philobiblon* edited by Charles Orr; in the first American edition of De Bury edited by Samuel Hand, in Campbell's *Lives of the Lord Chancellors of Great Britain*, and especially in Merryweather's *Bibliomania in the Middle Ages*, which latter has a most charming essay on De Bury as a book collector filling nearly 80 pages. It may be said, however, that he was the first known collector and lover of books in England, and the first to write a treatise on book love. The book-sellers throughout Europe knew him as modern book-sellers have known Richard Heber; George, Earl of Spencer; the Duke of Roxburghe or Locker-Lampson. He

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bought books all over England as well as throughout France, Germany and Italy.

At the time De Bury wrote his *Philobiblon* he had by far the best private library in England and it is said that it contained more books than the libraries of all the other English bishops put together. He had collections of books in each of his residences and they so filled his rooms that his friends often had some difficulty in finding a place to sit or to stand. No modern collector ever reached a higher pitch of enthusiasm than did De Bury and hence it is not strange that for the four centuries since the appearance of his *Philobiblon* in print he has remained the patron saint of all English speaking book-lovers. He loved and venerated his books and was the first person to write of their care, use and preservation. He composed his *Philobiblon* to show why he loved books, why books were to be loved and how they were to be used in a reverent and cleanly manner. De Bury was a scholar as well as a book lover. He valued his library not as a collection of

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rarities to be wondered at, but as a company of friends and teachers to be used.

Any sincere student who desired to consult his books might knock at the door of his palace at Bishops Auckland and be lodged and boarded while he stayed to make references. Next to his beautiful clasped vellum tomes nothing afforded him so much delight as a learned disputation with his chaplains who were men of acknowledged talent and scholarship. It was his custom to have some one read to him at dinner and supper that no time might be wasted. As his life drew to a close he made arrangements for the continuous use of his books after his decease at Durham college, Oxford university, but the college was dissolved by Henry VIIIth and his books scattered. Mr. Hand says that De Bury prepared an accurate catalogue of his library, "which up to this time (1861) has never been discovered;" but Mr. Merryweather, who wrote in 1848, says that a catalogue taken some 40 years after De Bury's

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death, is preserved at Durham to that day.

Contemporary chronicles confirm the favorable impression of De Bury's character which the perusal of his *Philobiblon* produces. A prelate, pious and charitable; a statesman, wise and skilful; a bibliophile, learned and enthusiastic, he knew how to render himself beloved, not for his honors nor for his fortune, but for the valuable qualities which distinguished him as a man of God, a man of the state and a man of learning. His taste for books was but a natural consequence of his arder for study, and the passion which urged him continually to new acquisitions was but an imperious desire to enlarge the circle of his acquaintances. The great Dibdin wrote in his *Bibliomania*: "What can be more delightful to a lover of his country's intellectual reputation, than to find such a character as De Bury in such an age of war and bloodshed, uniting the calm and mild conduct of a legislator with the sagacity of a philosopher and the elegant mind of a scholar." The exalted situation he occupied in the

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opinion and esteem of Petrarch and other eminent literary men of the 14th century shed brighter lustre on his memory than it could have derived from funeral processions or from monuments and epitaphs.

Wharton, in his history of English literature, says that De Bury's house was always full of chaplains and great scholars. He was very bountiful to the poor and each week he bestowed for their relief eight quarters (equal to 320 pounds) of wheat, made into bread, besides the offal and fragments of his tables. Riding between Newcastle and Durham he would give away £8 in alms; from Durham to Stockton, £5; from Durham to Aukland 5 marks, and from Durham to Middletown, £5. Mrs. Dobson, in the first volume of her life of Petrarch, published at London in 1805, says: "Richard of Bury had a piercing wit, a cultivated understanding and an eager desire after every kind of knowledge. Nothing could satisfy his ardor, no obstacle could stop his progress. His genius threw light on the darkest and his penetration fathomed the deepest

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subjects. Petrarch was happy to unite himself to so great a scholar from whom he might receive much information on subjects of ancient history and geography. Richard of Bury did in England what Petrarch did all his life in France, Italy and Germany—accomplished great studies.”

II. EDITIONS OF THE PHILO-BIBLON

THE Philobiblon stands for the universality throughout the ages of that kind of literature which clusters about the love of books. Science of all kinds, systems of philosophy and thought have their cycles of great changes and their books become useless and obsolete in a few generations, often less. How few are the books written by man that are as fresh and sweet today as they were 600 years ago—indeed how few survive that are as old as this. The Philobiblon is one of these. It makes the same appeal to, and finds the same response from book-lovers now, as the most recent essay of Andrew Lang, or the writings of Eugene Field.

Sixteen editions of the Philobiblon have been printed, viz.: The first in 1473, an edition of 48 leaves in black letter; in 1483, in a small quarto of 39 leaves; in

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1500, at Paris, a small quarto of 24 unnumbered leaves; in 1598, a quarto of 74 pages; in 1610 and 1614 at Frankfort, in 1674 at Leipzig, both in small quarto; in 1703 at Helmstadt; in 1832 at London the first English edition of 159 pages; in 1856 at Paris; in 1861 the first American edition at Albany, N. Y., in an edition of only 230 copies; in 1888, the cheap edition in Morley's Universal Library, London; in 1888 the London edition of Ernest C. Thomas (a new translation); in 1889 the elegant edition of the Grolier club, New York, in three volumes; in 1890, the edition edited by Charles Orr, New York and in 1901, the edition of Mr. Conwell at the Elston Press, New Rochelle, N. Y.

I have myself examined but six of these 16 editions. The Boston public library has but four editions. It does not possess neither the first English nor the first American edition, nor does it possess the splendid edition of the Grolier club, or the elegant Elston edition. Those which are in the Boston public library are:

- I. The Helmstadt edition of 1703.

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This is bound up in a collection of tracts the volume of which is entitled: *Bibliographical Archives*. It has no title, contains 60 small quarto pages and has this heading to its first page: *Typis ac Sumtibus Georg Wolfgang: Hamml, Acad. Typogr, MDCCIII. Richardi de Buri.*

II. The cheap edition edited by Henry Morley and forming 90 pages of one volume of the *Universal Library*, issued on thin paper and in very small type. London, 1888.

III. The London edition containing the new translation by Ernest C. Thomas, 1888.

IV. The New York edition of 1890, with introduction by Charles Orr, being the Inglis translation.

These various editions were of limited impressions. Of the edition of 1473, which was probably set up from the original manuscript of De Bury, nine or ten copies are in existence. A copy of this first edition was sold by Dr. C. Inglis, a son of the late J. B. Inglis—its first translator—in 1900 for \$400. Six copies of the second edition of 1488 are

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in existence. The third edition, that of the Paris edition of 1500, is the rarest of all the editions, only two copies are known to be in existence. The first English edition is very rare. Of the Paris edition of 1856, only 500 copies were printed. Of the first American edition but 230 copies were printed and it is extremely rare. Of this edition 30 copies were on large paper. Of the Thomas, London edition of 1888, only 750 copies were printed. Of the three volume edition of the Grolier club, of 1889, "the typography of which is perfect," but 300 copies were printed. The Orr edition of 1890, consisted of 500 copies and of the Elston edition of 1901, 555 copies were printed, 70 of which were on Japan paper at \$15.00 per copy.

III. JOHN BELLINGHAM INGLIS

THERE has always been to me much that is of interest about the personality of a book. I like to know all I possibly can know about the authors of favorite books, about the publishers of such books and about the persons to whom authors dedicated certain of their own books. There is much of human interest in all these things and besides I apprehend that they belong in a most legitimate way to the finer knowledge of bibliography and literary history. While book-lovers can never know too much of De Bury it is also interesting to know something about De Bury's various translators and editors. It is only very recently that I have been able to find anything at all satisfactory about John B. Inglis, the translator and editor of the first English edition of the *Philobiblon* and I am

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sure English readers who are indebted to that rare old bibliophile for a knowledge of this 13th century book about books will also be glad to know something about the man who gave us De Bury in our own tongue. Hence I shall give brief biographies of the original translator of De Bury, and some account of the editor of the first American edition and of the friend to whom it was dedicated.

John Bellingham Inglis was born in London, Feb. 14, 1780. In his early life he was very fond of horses and hunting and lived in a country house till he was 33 years of age. His father was a partner in the firm of Inglis, Ellice & Co., merchants, and was also a director in the East India company. In consequence of the failure of the firm in 1823, young Inglis, who had been a clerk to the firm, set up in business on his own account in the wine trade, but this not proving successful, he retired soon after on the money saved from the wreck of the fortune of his father who died soon after his failure. Mr. Inglis twice visited this country and spent one winter in

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Canada, where he nearly lost his life by pneumonia from going out without sufficient clothing, not realizing that the weather was many degrees below zero. In 1813 he married Mary Helen Graham. Mr. Inglis speculated a little in stocks, wrote a little, but spent much time in studying his favorite black letter books.

He was a very good classical scholar, an excellent linguist and a man of considerable literary ability and soon formed a very valuable and important library which was especially rich in works from the presses of the early English printers. It is related of him that the Duke of Sussex, at one of his literary dinners at Kensington Palace, said: "Gentlemen, you are all very learned about titles, editions and printers, but none of you seem to have read anything of the books except Mr. Inglis, here." His library was gathered partly from his own knowledge and partly from having a very useful friend. He had aided Tom Rodd when young in starting in life and Rodd helped him. Mr. Inglis was a daily visitor at Longman's store and sel-

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dom came out of it without having purchased some valuable book. In 1826 his fortune being reduced he sold a part of his library. In the part sold were 13 Caxtons, six block books, first editions of Shakespeare, Spenser and other early English poets. This sale comprised 1665 lots and the sale occupied eight days and was made anonymously. It realised nearly \$17,000. Afterward his circumstances being much improved Mr. Inglis bought again to the end of his long life, and also repurchased many of his own books that had been sold, which he found in sales and in catalogues.

In 1832 Mr. Inglis translated from the Latin the Philobiblon of Richard de Bury, which had never been translated before and presented it to his friend, Thomas Rodd, who published it. He made a great many other translations from Latin and extracts from medieval books and MS. in a hand as clear as printed work and had them handsomely bound in 19 volumes. He was very modest and did not care to see his name brought before the public. This was why his library was sold anonymously

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and why the Philobiblon was first printed anonymously. He was a great reader and a constant student. After he was 60 he rarely went into society at all. Deafness separated him from the outer world and he devoted all his time to the study of his books. He knew Latin, French, Dutch and German and his learning was almost inexhaustible. He knew all sources of information and his conversation was extremely interesting. The last 25 years of his life were spent in St. John's Wood. He loved both London and the country and took his country house because it looked out upon the fields. As the country built up he again moved to the edge of Hamstead Heath where, from his library windows, he had a view to the hills of Harrow.

For the above facts about Mr. Inglis I am mainly indebted to a biographical sketch of him by J. P. Berjeau in a magazine called *The Bookworm*, the last number of which ever published was that for December, 1870, vol. 5, new series No. 12, and is wholly devoted to a sketch of the life of Mr. Inglis. Mr. Berjeau says: "Mr. Inglis was a thor-

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ough and clever bibliophile, with no touch of bibliomania, liking the books not for their outward appearance but for what was in them; caring nothing for autographs or extravagant bindings of valueless monkish or modern lubrications. That did not prevent him from having all his valuable books neatly and elegantly bound, because he thought the binding would save them from destruction in the course of time." Announcing his death as having occurred Dec. 9, 1870, Mr. Berjeau says: "The end of the present year has seen disappear, after a long and honored life, among the ablest and most learned collectors of books, a star of the first magnitude in the person of our dear friend and companion, at the ripe age of 91, in the enjoyment of all his faculties. Even if the impious war now going on in my beloved country would not have brought The Bookworm to an untimely death, I should have scarcely the courage to continue it after the loss of so dear a friend as Mr. Inglis."

In the recently published volume on English Book Collectors by William

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Younger Fletcher. there is a sketch of Mr. Inglis and his vast library. Beside the books sold by Mr. Inglis from his library in 1826, his son, Dr. C. Inglis, after his father's death, sold such books as he could not find room for. This sale occupied ten days, embraced 2437 lots, and brought \$10,285.

Such was John Bellingham Inglis, the bibliophile who made the first English translation of De Bury's *Philobiblon*. If your patience is not exhausted let us devote a few moments to the editor of the first American edition.

IV. SAMUEL HAND AND ROBERT SAFFORD HALE

THAT Samuel Hand, the editor of the first American edition of the *Philobiblon*, was a book lover, we may be sure, and when it is learned that he "collected one of the most valuable private libraries in the state of New York"—as his brief biography in *Appleton's Cyclopaedia of American Biography* says—we do not need to question his fitness for such a task, although he was but 27 years of age when his edition of *De Bury* was published. Samuel Hand was born in Elizabethtown, N. Y., May 1, 1834, and graduated at Union college, in 1851. In 1868 he was corporation counsel for the city of Albany and was appointed a judge of the supreme court of that state in 1878. Resigning this position he had a large practice before the New York court of appeals. He was

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senior counsel in all the elevated railroad cases when he was in active practice, represented the state against the canal contractors and frequently declined to be a candidate for public office during his latter years. In 1861 he was president of the Albany Young Men's Christian association and in 1865 was president of the New York bar association. In 1884, two years before his death, he received the degree of LL. D. from Union college. His death occurred at Albany, N. Y., May 21, 1886.

When we have learned this much of the man who edited the first American edition of the Philobiblon, we naturally want also to learn something about the friend to whom it was dedicated. As Mr. Hand was born in the little village of Elizabethtown, Essex county, N. Y., and Robert S. Hale also lived in the same village, how do we know but, being book-lovers each, Mr. Hale had favored and encouraged the young book-lover, loaned or given him books, helped him in his studies and in acknowledgment of his kindness Mr. Hand had dedicated his edition of De Bury to his old

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friend? What would be more natural than that the two book-lovers should have been brought together, and possibly Mr. Hale being an older and perhaps better classical scholar may have helped Mr. Hand in his notes and translations. When Mr. Hand's edition of De Bury was printed he was 27 years of age and at that time Mr. Hale was 39, and could we trace the whole history of the book and its dedication we should probably find that there was a great store of book love and personal friendship between the two persons.

I wish here to refer to a very unjust criticism of Mr. Hand's edition, by Mr. Thomas, who made a new translation of De Bury in 1888. He speaks of it in the objectionable way of some conceited English authors as "a flagrant piece of book-making, not very creditable either to its editor or to America." The criticism is most unjust. It is much to one's credit to have edited the first American edition of De Bury. Moreover, I know this edition well and I affirm that the work is carefully and lovingly done, full of valuable notes, embraces all the

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notes of the Inglis edition and contains a mass of biographical, bibliographical and critical information. Beside, it is finely printed and deserves better words than what Mr. Thomas has said of it.

Mr. Hand dedicated his book to Robert S. Hale, LL. D., "one of the regents of the University of the State of New York."

Robert Safford Hale was born in Chelsea, Vt., Sept. 24, 1822, and at the age of 20 years was graduated from the University of Vermont and in 1847 was admitted to the bar in Elizabethtown, N. Y., where he ever afterward resided until his death which took place Dec. 14, 1881. He was a regent of the University of New York from 1859, until his death. He was twice chosen a representative to Congress, his first term being from 1865 to 1867 and his second from 1873 to 1875. Mr. Hale was also special counsel for the United States from 1868 to 1870 and was also agent for the United States before the American and British commission under the treaty of Washington from 1871 to 1873.

A meeting to the memory of Mr. Hale



ROBERT SAFFORD HALE
TO WHOM THE FIRST AMERICAN EDITION OF THE
PHILOBIBLON WAS DEDICATED

TO MRU
ALBONIAO

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was held by the regents of the University of New York on Jan. 12, 1882, at which an eulogy was pronounced by Regent George William Curtis, for many years editor of Harper's Magazine; and remarks were made by John Carson Brevoort and Regent Fitch. In his eulogy, George William Curtis, after speaking of his "alert and incisive intelligence, his quick and flashing intellectual grasp, his blithe courage and somewhat aggressive independence, his careful mental training, his generous and finely cultivated literary taste," said:

"The courts of law in which he was distinguished on the bench and at the bar; the Congress of the United States in which he fitly represented the pure character, the high intelligence and the simple republican manners of a great rural constituency; the national and international tribunals before which he successfully maintained the rights of citizens entrusted to him by the government: the community in which he lived respected and beloved of all men; the home consecrated by that holy tenderness of affection which is the chief glory

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and consolation of human life—all these lament our friend." If any other reasons than the above are wanting why Mr. Hand dedicated the first edition of the Philobiblon to his friend Regent Hale, it could be found in the words to his memory uttered by Regent Fitch that "as a scholar he was exceedingly well informed, and that in several departments which few essay. In the classics and in English literature he was an authority and had made thorough studies in ethnology and archaeology. In all the walks of life he was distinguished, but his various accomplishments were ever subordinated to the highest moral principle." It may be added that to the De Burians of Bangor Regent Hale has a special claim upon our regard in that he was a brother of the mother of our distinguished and esteemed member, Mr. Charles E. Bliss.

V. THE DE BURIANS OF BANGOR

AFTER I had been connected with the Daily Commercial for a year or two I determined to put on a book and literary page. I think I judged rightly when I concluded there were enough people in a city the size of Bangor to be sufficiently interested in such a page to justify the work put into it—which was and has always been a labor of love. The first man who recognized any interest in that department and spoke to me about it was our valued member, Mr. Bliss. I cannot tell you what peculiar joy his commendation gave me. Later our young member, Mr. Hennessy, after coming to the Commercial staff, ventured to talk with me about books. These several talks led to the expression of a wish that a club might be formed consisting of a few genuine book-lovers which could meet once a fortnight, or once a month to

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talk about books. The result was that one beautiful evening in the early June of 1890, the three original members of the De Burians of Bangor, Mr. Hennessy, Mr. Sawtelle and myself met in the delightful parlor of Mr. Hennessy's home and decided to form such a club. If I may take any credit whatsoever for introducing De Bury to the Bangor club of book-lovers, the honor of the name chosen for it, The De Burians, is the happy conception of our young member Mr. Hennessy. The objects of the club have been stated in the introduction to our first book—"the holding of meetings to talk about books; the visits to libraries of its members and others and the publication of occasional books relating to bibliography or local history."

One of the first visits of the club—a friendly visit before the club had been organized—was that of two or three members to the home of our associate, Judge Edgar C. Smith of Dover. The first real pilgrimage of the club was in the fall of 1900 when that delightful visit participated in by four members was made to Portland. On that occa-

sion a number of our members met the Portland publisher, Mr. Mosher and the Portland book-collector, Hon. Charles F. Libby, for the first time—but in a few moments after introductions we were as familiar as though we had been friends for a long time. The enjoyment of Mr. Mosher's hospitality at his home in Deering, the long evening spent among the rare treasures of his rich private library where for the first time we saw choice first editions of many rare books and the generous attentions of host and hostess will pass into our history as the red letter day of our first year; while Mr. Libby was equally free in admitting us to the private rooms of his residence in Portland where we saw treasure upon treasure of richly bound volumes, especially the wealth of rare illustrated French books and books of fine art. The privacy of two or three bed-room libraries, even—where one could take down a favorite book while lying in bed (after the coveted manner of our dear Eugene)—was not denied us, and the freedom of the entire house was our own for the few short hours we there spent.

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The winter season of 1900-'01 was fairly successful—especially for a first one. Five meetings were held during that winter with the following papers, viz.: One on Choate, Everett and Webster, by Mr. Bliss; on Collectors and Collecting by Mr. Boardman; on Early Printing by Mr. Sawtelle; on Chaucer by our distinguished honorary member, Prof. Sewall and on Goethe by Prof. Faulkland Lewis of the University of Maine. It was during that winter that the club decided to print the memoir and diary of Peter Edes for its first publication.

Two conspicuous events make the autumn of 1901 the most notable period in the history of the De Burians, thus far. The first of these was the pilgrimage of the club, in which six members joined, to Rockland and Camden on Oct. 11-12; the second was the publication of the club's first book and annual supper, Oct. 17. Both were red letter occasions. The pilgrimage to Rockland and Camden was made on a specially chartered steamer, the Tremont, Capt. Crosby. Leaving Bangor about 1.30 p. m., we had supper on board the boat and arrived at Cam-

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den just at the shutting in of early evening on a short autumn day. From there electric cars were taken to Rockland where we quartered at the Thorndike house. The members of the club then spent an hour in the charming "brown study" of Mr. W. O. Fuller, Jr., an ideal den or library room in the attic of his house, every nook and corner of which was of interest—the walls attractive with portraits, autographs and mottoes, framed letters of Dickens, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, T. B. Aldrich; while the shelves and niches were crowded with favorite books, presentation copies and choice editions; with window and alcove seats of most inviting softness and over the open fireplace this verse, from Mr. Fuller's literary friend and one of his favorite authors—Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich:

"When friends are at your fireside met,
Sweet courtesy has done its most
If you have made each guest forget
That he himself is not the host"

—the sentiment of which was as true on that occasion, I imagine, as it has ever been. From Mr. Fuller's the members

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were piloted to the residence of Congressman Charles E. Littlefield, where we met with the Rockland Twelve Mo. club, among the members being Congressman Littlefield, Mr. Fuller, the late Mr. Justice Fogler, Captain Butler, Mr. Cobb, Mr. L. F. Starrett and others.

It was in the beautiful new library of Congressman Littlefield—the opening of which was really dedicated on that occasion—that the question, which had been asked many times before, “where did your club obtain its name,” was again asked. All the members of the Twelve Mo. club were in ignorance on that point. On the answer being briefly given Congressman Littlefield took down from his shelves his copy of Lord John Campbell's Lives of the Lord Chancellors and Keepers of the Great Seal of England and turning to the index found in the first volume that account of De Bury which answered the question fully. He read many passages with evident delight at what he had found and the account was equally enjoyed by all present.

Lord Campbell says that De Bury filled

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the office of chancellor only from Sept. 28, 1334, to June 5, 1335, when he exchanged it for that of treasurer. During this interval he held the great seal himself and did all the duties belonging to it, without the assistance of any vice-chancellor and he seems to have given satisfaction to the public. I quote from Lord Campbell:

"A parliament met at Whitsuntide, and De Bury presided at it; but we cannot celebrate him as a legislator, for at this parliament only one act passed, which was to regulate the herring fishery at Yarmouth; and the time was occupied in obtaining a supply to enable the king to carry on war against Spain. De Bury went thrice to Paris as ambassador from Edward to the King of France respecting his claim to the crown of that country, and afterwards visited Antwerp and Brabant, with a view of forming alliances for the coming contest. But before the French war had made much progress he resigned the great seal and retired from public life."

In this act we obtain a just and correct estimate of De Bury's character. He

did not like public life and had little enjoyment of its duties or its honors. Lord Campbell says: "He now shut himself up in his palace at Bishops Auckland among his books, which he preferred to all other human enjoyments. He employed himself ardently in the extension of his library, which, whether out of compliment to him, or as a satire on his brother ecclesiastics, was said to 'contain more volumes than those of all the other bishops in the kingdom put together.' By the favor of Edward he gained access to the libraries of the great monasteries, where he shook off the dust from volumes preserved in chests and presses, which had not been opened for many ages. Not satisfied with this privilege, he extended his researches by employing stationers and booksellers, not only in England, but also in France, Germany and Italy, regardless both of expense and labor. To solace his declining years, he wrote the *Philobiblon*, in praise of books; a treatise which may now be perused with great pleasure, as it shows that the author had a most intimate acquaintance

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with the classics, and not only a passion for books exceeding that of any modern collector, but a rich vein of native humor, which must have made him a most delightful companion."

Following the above extract Lord Campbell devotes four pages of his work to numerous extracts from the *Philobiblon* to show its general style, these extracts being connected by a sort of running commentary upon the various chapters from which they are selected. In that chapter telling "of the numerous opportunities of the author of collecting books from all quarters," which as Lord Campbell intimates may bring some suspicion upon his judicial purity, but after a full examination he concludes that "the open avowal of the manner in which his library was accumulated, proves that he had done nothing that would not be sanctioned by the public opinion of the age."

I give these extracts from Lord Campbell's work in this connection because they seem appropriate as indicating some of the subjects of conversation on that delightful evening. The talk was en-

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joyed till a late hour when the members returned to their quarters at the Thorndike.

On Saturday morning, Oct. 12, the members of the club, accompanied by Capt. Butler and Mr. Starrett, visited the rooms of the Rockland public library, and later, in company with the above named gentlemen and Mr. Fuller came to Camden where an hour or two was spent in the elegant library room of the late Mr. J. B. Stearns, in Norumbega, one of the most beautiful private houses on the Maine coast, where we were the recipients of most kindly attentions from Mrs. Stearns. The library, which was the pride of its late owner and was chiefly purchased in London during several years' residence in that city, is one of the finest in any private residence in Maine. It embraces several thousand volumes, all in fine editions, elegantly bound, with many large paper copies and a large number of beautifully illustrated folios. Dinner on the boat and a pleasant sail up the picturesque Penobscot, its banks gorgeous with the autumnal colors of its wooded hillsides—not to speak of

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**Sandy and the sardines—were among
the pleasing incidents of this delightful
pilgrimage.**

VI. THE BIRTH OF A BOOK

THE second of the notable events in the history of the club for the year 1901 was the annual supper and distribution to members of its first publication. The birth of a book is always an important event for those interested in its production and the De Burians regarded the issue of their first volume as an occasion over which they could well afford to make merry. Consequently a supper was arranged for the evening of Oct. 17, 1901, at Weferling's, and at the tables were seated eight active and one honorary member, Prof. Sewall of the Seminary. At this supper two new members met with the club for the first time—Gen. Charles Hamlin and Col. Fred H. Parkhurst. There were no speeches. The committee of the club having the matter in charge gracefully presented copy No. 1 of the Biography



THE BOOKWORM

**THE CELEBRATED PAINTING BY EDOUARD
GRUTZNER**

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and Diary of Peter Edes, to its president and the members then drew for their own personal copies. At a subsequent meeting Mr. Frank H. Damon was admitted to the club, the number of members now being nine. A large membership is not desirable. With a larger number is liable to enter more occasion for discord. Future members should be chosen with great caution. There are few real De Burians—it is only real De Burians who are eligible to our select fraternity.

VII. SECOND YEAR OF THE DE BURIANS

THE season of the De Burians for 1901-'02, which comes to a close this evening, has been the most enjoyable and successful in its history. The full program has been carried out, and although an occasional postponement has been made to accommodate parties, the meetings have been held with commendable regularity. All have been full of enjoyment. Seven papers have been read by our own members; one by our honorary member, Prof. Sewall, and three by invited guests. The latter have been the talk on manuscripts and early printed books by Prof. Edward W. Hall of Colby college; the paper on Charles Lamb by Mr. W. O. Fuller, Jr., of the Twelve Mo. club and the exceedingly entertaining talk about private presses and rare books by our honorary member, the publisher known

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in England and America for his fine books—Mr. Thomas B. Mosher of Portland.

While all of these were good the bright glow of happy recollection rests longest upon the talk of Prof. Hall with his early manuscripts and incunabula, or "cradle books," and most gorgeously upon that little entranced company in Mr. Sawtelle's beautiful library room in which Mr. Mosher held us spell-bound for more than an hour as he talked of authors and books, presses and editions. The grip which Mr. Mosher brought from Portland contained nearly \$1,000 worth of rare books. One does not so much wonder at this when it is remembered that it contained rare specimens of the Daniel, Kelmscott, Vale, Essex House, Doves and Ashendon presses, England; specimens of the Grolier club books, the first edition of Fitzgerald's Omar of 1856, a little pamphlet for which Mr. Mosher paid \$70 and Andrew Lang's Ballads and Lyrics of Old France. The English books embraced Tennyson's Maud, Hand and Soul, the new type Ruskin and Morris,

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printed at the Essex House press; Cobden-Sanderson's *The Ideal Book* from Doves press; while none of the English books were exceeded in beauty by Mr. Mosher's own *Hand and Soul*, bound by Miss Pratt; one of the six copies of *Mimes*, printed on pure vellum, and *Child Christopher*, in Levant binding. One of the treasures which Mr. Mosher also exhibited was the MS. of Richard Jefferies' poem *My Chaffinch*.

The program for the season of 1901-'02 embraced the following papers and lectures by De Burian members and invited speakers:

Oct. 24, 1901: Visits to the Great Libraries and Museums of England and the Continent, by William Otis Sawtelle.

Nov. 7: The Anglo Saxons, by Prof. John S. Sewall, D. D., of Bangor Theological Seminary.

Dec. 12: The Ethics of Book Collecting, by Wilfrid A. Hennessy.

Jan. 3, 1902: Rufus Choate, by Hon. Charles E. Bliss.

Jan. 16: Moses Greenleaf, by Hon. Edgar Colby Smith.

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Jan. 30: Manuscripts and Early Printed Books, by Prof. Edward W. Hall, Librarian of Colby college.

Feb. 13: Some Men and Their Books, by Frank A. Damon.

Feb. 27: Charles Lamb, by W. O. Fuller, Jr., of Rockland.

March 13: An Informal Talk on Book and Club Matters.

March 27: Fine Printing and the Books of Famous Private Presses, by Thomas B. Mosher of Portland.

April 10: My Three Favorite Books, by Gen. Charles Hamlin.

April 24: De Bury and the De Buri-ans of Bangor, by Samuel L. Boardman.

The record may well close here. But I should not omit to mention the red letter meeting of the winter, that at Gen. Hamlin's, at which every member was present, and when for the first time in our history a member had the courage to set aside the fundamental code of the club that no lunch should be served at its meetings, and spread before us a magnificent banquet. The precedent has, however, since been followed by other members with evident satisfaction.

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The mighty Dibdin, writing in his *Bibliomania* in 1800 said: "I am rather surprised that a 'De Bury Club' has not yet been established by Philobiblists as he was undoubtedly the founder of the order in England." While since De Bury's death 557 years ago, and since Dibdin wrote this sentence nearly 100 years ago numerous book clubs have been formed in all the countries of the globe, it has been left to a few book-lovers in this little "down east" city of Bangor to form a book club in De Bury's honor, bearing his name, and to dedicate its series of volumes to his memory. With this first book in an edition so limited as 179 copies, taking a creditable place in the collections of book lovers and in the libraries of the country; with a second one, devoted to so important and appropriate a subject as that of the first geographer of Maine, which is in the judicious hands of Judge Smith and nearly ready for the stocks, and with three other equally as good subjects for books already in sight of the publishing committee, the future work of the De

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Burians may be said to be well mapped out.

Following these I want to see one final volume devoted to a compilation of all the biographies of De Bury, with those of his original translator and the editor of his first English and first American editions, with a brief history of the De Burians of Bangor as an introduction—all issued in the same uniform and unvarying style of its first publication. This will embrace a set of six volumes, which may well occupy an honorable corner of some shelf in the libraries of the world. It is not probable that this can all be accomplished during the tarry with you of your older members—but the boys here can keep up the work till it is completed. And I want you all to know, with the last words of this already too long paper, how dear you are to me. The happiest hours of my life in this city have been those passed at the meetings of our little club, while the dearest and most highly prized friendships of my life are those which have been formed with each and every member of the De Burians of Bangor. Indeed, as Charles

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Lamb said of his friend, William Ham-
litt, I may say of them: "I think I
shall go to my grave without finding or
expecting to find another such compan-
ion."

THE DE BURIANS

OFFICERS

Samuel Lane Boardman, President,
No. 185 Pine Street, Bangor.

Wilfrid A. Hennessey, Secretary, No. 5
High Street, Bangor.

William Otis Sawtelle, Treasurer, No.
50 Penobscot Street, Bangor.

MEMBERS

Samuel Lane Boardman, Editor Ban-
gor Daily Commercial.

Wilfrid A. Hennessey, City Editor Ban-
gor Daily Commercial.

William Otis Sawtelle, Director of
Mathematics, Bangor High School.

Charles F. Kennedy, with E. F.
Dillingham, Bookseller, Bangor.

Hon. Charles E. Bliss, Manager West-
ern Union Telegraph Company, Bangor.

Hon. Edgar Colby Smith, Judge
Piscataquis Municipal Court, Dover.

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Gen. Charles Hamlin, United States Commissioner and Reporter of Decisions, Maine Supreme Court, Bangor.

Col. Frederic H. Parkhurst, Staff of Hon. John F. Hill, Governor of Maine, Bangor.

Frank H. Damon, Director of Science, Bangor High School, Bangor.

HONORARY MEMBERS

Prof. John S. Sewall, D. D., Bangor Theological Seminary.

Thomas B. Mosher, Publisher, Portland.

Hon. Charles F. Libby, Portland.

William O. Fuller, Jr., Author, Editor The Courier-Gazette, Rockland.

Hon. Charles E. Littlefield, Representative, Second Maine District, United States Congress, Rockland.

Edward W. Hall, Librarian Colby College, Waterville.

Hubbard Winslow Bryant, Secretary and Librarian, Maine Historical Society, Portland.

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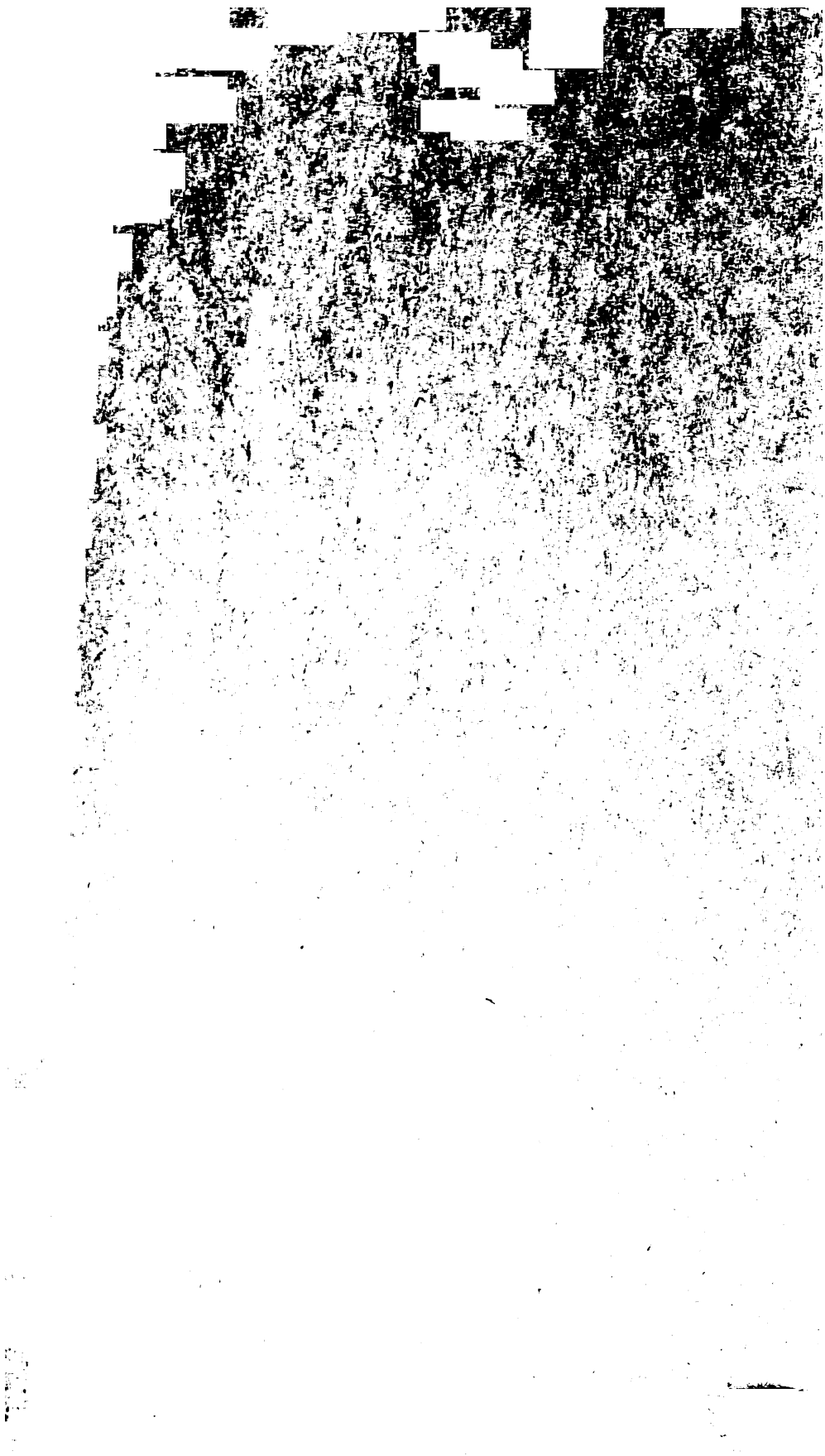
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